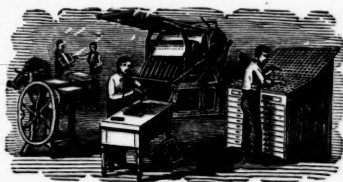


THE SILENT WORKER.



VOL. V.

TRENTON, N. J., THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1892.

NO. 4

ODE TO DECORATION DAY.

They sleep so calm and stately,
Each in his graveyard bed,
It scarcely seems that lately
They trod the fields blood-red,
With fearless tread.

They marched and never halted,
They scaled the parapet,
The triple lines assaulted,
And paid without regret
The final debt.

And now they sleep so stately,
Each in his graveyard bed,
So calmly and sedately
They rest, that once I said:
"These men are dead."

"They know not what sweet duty
We come each year to pay.

Nor heed the blooms of beauty,
The garland gifts of May,
Strewn here to-day.

From out the mighty distance
I seemed to see them gaze
Back on their old existence,
Back on the battle blaze
Of war's dread days.

"The flowers shall fade and perish
(In larger faith spake I),
But these dear names we cherish
Are written in the sky,
And cannot die."

—Selected.

Written for the SILENT WORKER.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Now that Memorial Day has come, you would like to know how the soldiers live in war-time. You know some of the soldiers go on foot and carry muskets. They are called infantry; some ride on horseback, and carry short guns called carbines, and sabres or long curved swords. They are cavalry. Some have cannons and are called artillery.

I am going to tell you about the infantry. When the soldiers are marching and fighting, they don't wear pretty clothes such as you see on parade. They wear a cap, and dark blue blouse or sack and light blue trousers. Every man has a haversack, or canvas bag to put his food in, and a tin canteen for water. He does not carry a knapsack with his spare clothes in it strapped on his back, as you see in pictures. He carries his woolen blanket, rubber blanket and half of a shelter-tent all rolled together and slung across his body. He has no spare clothing except a pair of socks. He has a tin cup, a tin plate and a knife and fork. Around his waist is a leather belt with a brass buckle. A leather sheath for his bayonet and a big cartridge box are fastened to it. The latter is full of cartridges.

Thus armed and equipped he plods along until the troops halt for the night.

As soon as the men break ranks they begin to make themselves comfortable.

The half of a shelter tent is about as long as a man. It has buttons and button-holes on the edges. Two men fasten their halves of a shelter

tent together and prop the tent up in the middle and fasten the edges down to the ground. There is just room for two men to lie side by side in it. It is wise always to dig a little trench around the tent, to carry off the water, if it rains in the night. The dirt can be loosened with the bayonet and scraped away with the tin plate.

Supper is soon ready. It consists of coffee, hard-tack and salt pork. Sometimes they have other things, but you can depend on the above. There is sugar but no milk for the coffee, but condensed milk can be bought at the sutler's. Hard tack looks like the square crackers we have, but it is as hard as a shingle. You can make it soft by soaking it in cold water and then it is good fried. The pork is very good when you are hungry—unless it is rusty. When the men are marching and have no cooked food, they often eat the pork raw when they halt at noon. After supper there is a roll-call which is named "tattoo." A little later the drum beats "taps." Then all lights must be out and the men must be quiet. Of course there is a guard all night. Twenty or thirty men under an officer are on duty. They are divided into three reliefs. Each relief stands on post for two hours, so a man on guard is walking as a sentry for eight hours out of the twenty-four. Besides the camp-guard of each regiment there are picket guards further away, to prevent the enemy from surprising the army. If an alarm is given the drummer of the guard at once beats the long roll and in an instant all the men are up and form line of battle. At day-break in the morning the bugle sounds the call for reveille, (which means "get up!") and the drums beat for about five minutes. As soon as the drums stop all the men must be in line by companies, and the roll is called.

Soon comes the call for breakfast, then the doctor's call, when the sick men go to the surgeon to get excused from duty, then guard-mounting, when the guard for the next day go on duty, then the line is formed and the regiment starts on its day's march about the time you and I begin to think of getting up—that is if we are rather earlier than usual.

Probably it has been raining and the mud is ankle-deep in some places and half-knee-deep in others. If not, the air is full of dust which fills the nose and lungs and clothes and skin. If you are at the rear of the column, you have, every once in a while, to break into a run for five minutes or so, to catch up with the head of the column. Never mind! The head of the column will halt first, then the rest of the troops march past them and the last regiment of all will be the first in the

march to-morrow. "Turn about is fair play."

Of course there are other little incidents in the march, such as streams to be waded, a wagon or a gun stuck in the mud which you must help to pull out. You may be taken sick on the march. You keep up if you can, in spite of it, but if you can't, the surgeon will give you a permit to fall out of the ranks. You halt for five minutes every hour or so, but, if you are wise, you don't take a bite or even a drink of water, although you are hungry and thirsty, until the lines halt at noon.

If the march is not hurried, you halt for the night about three or four o'clock, and so you have a little time for rest and fun before night.

If the troops are not marching every day, they have drills two or three hours a day and a dress parade at sunset. Sunday morning there is inspection. Every body must be then clean and bright. It takes a man about two hours to get ready. The inspecting officer looks at every man and examines especially his arms. He often wipes the gun with a clean handkerchief. If the handkerchief is soiled the man "catches it."

Suppose you get your leg smashed with a bullet. The surgeon can take it off for you in five minutes. A sniff of chloroform, a few slashes, a hasty tying of a few knots, a quick sewing, stitch, stitch, and it is done.

Or you get shot in the head and are "past praying for." If there is time, you are shoveled into a shallow trench, with perhaps a corner of your blouse showing above the ground.

It is a hard life, a dangerous life, a bad life in many ways. But it was needful for many men to be soldiers in order to save our country.

We should honor those who bore the suffering, danger and toil to save our country.

DECORATION DAY.

The Blue; the Gray; and the Black.

One morning the low down clouds gave forth from their murky edges angry flashes; then followed crash upon crash of mighty thunder peals; and then the pause and chill that comes before the storm's fierce breath seemed to fall upon the nation's heart.

Northward the clouds were blue; southward they were gray; and the shadows deepened as their angry fronts drew nearer to each other. Then came the storm—fierce, long, terrible. Northward and southward, beyond the tempest's swath, cheeks were blanched and hearts stood still for loved ones who were in the very vortex of the storm.

High rose the smoke of battle above, the storm beneath; then topling from its height, it overspread distant homes and hearts with its sombre pall.

The blue and the gray were at the front; but as their ranks were thinned, the regiments in black at home grew daily larger.

The blue and gray fought occasional battles of short duration. The battles of the black robed regiments were continuous. They at the front faced men; these in black faced hunger and cold. They at the front paced the picket line with sword and musket; these others had the washboard and cambric needles as their defence against the wolf at the door.

Where is the historic, wreath crowned broom, brush, washboard, or sewing machine over which the sad hearted women fought for life against the enemy at their door every day?

We plant our cannon and stacked muskets around the graves of men who fell in battle or those who came home battle scared or bottle scarred and amid scenes of peace are buried by veteran comrades; but if women's weaponry were planted around the graves of our moral amazons in their country's cause our cemeteries would look very like a flower crowned junk shop.—*The Gazette.*

Massieu's Complaint.

One day Massieu had a complaint to make against a man who had attempted to rob him of his pocket-book. He repaired to one of the Paris police-officers and demanded a sheet of paper and wrote as follows:

"Mr. Judge, I am deaf and dumb. I was looking at something in a broad street with other deaf and dumb persons. This man saw me. He noticed a small pocket-book in the pocket of my coat. He slyly approached me. He was drawing out the pocket-book when my hip warned me. I turned myself briskly towards this man who, being afraid, threw the pocket-book between the legs of another man, who picked it up and returned it to me. I seized the thief by his jacket, I held him fast; he became pale and trembling, I beckoned a police-officer to come. I showed the pocket-book to the officer and expressed to him by signs that the man had stolen my pocket-book. The officer brought the thief hither. I have followed him. I demand justice. I swear before God that he stole this pocket-book from me. He, I dare say, will not deny the fact.

"I beg you, Mr. Judge, not to order him to be beheaded; he has not killed any one, but let him be reprimanded and I will be satisfied."

The thief was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for three months in the jail of Bicetre.—*Silent Press.*

OF ONE AFFLICTED WITH DEAFNESS.

She moves about the house with meek content,
Her face is like a psalm of other years;
She only guesses half of what is meant;
But hides her impotence, her natural tears.

Whenso we gather close for jest or tale
She shuns the circle lest it fret our mood
To raise our voices till our joyance fall;
She sits apart in patient quietude.

And though we try to make her lot more bright,
To set her in our midst and show her love
(For she is lovable), yet few glimpse aright
Her desolation and the cross thereof.

Dear God, may recompense be hers from Thee;
May melodies from days gone by come back
To fill her silence, and a symphony
Played soft, of angels soothe her sorry lack.

That, while she sits and makes no least demur,
Left much to loneliness and forced apart,
She have companionship to comfort her,
And hear a constant singing in her heart.
—Richard Burton in the *Congregationalist*.

A RUSSIAN DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

From the *Mutes' Chronicle*.

In a Russian village the wife of Joseph Emanuel lay dying. Beside her, her husband, holding in his arm their only child, little Belle. This little child, now eight years of age, had been a deaf-mute for five years. For a few months after being deprived of her hearing she had talked in her broken, baby way, but now but two words lingered in her memory—papa and mamma. These she continued to use, and they were the sweetest music to her father and mother. Now the little girl was leaning toward her dying mother, and young as she was, she tried with all her strength to restrain the heart-breaking sobs and keep back the blinding tears, until she could gather her mother's last message, as she feebly and, at intervals, spelled the words with her thin, white hands.—formed by the faltering hands:

"Love your father, and comfort him, my darling, when I am gone. Never, never leave him alone. Always stay with him. Fill mother's place, dear little one, and God in heaven bless you."

She wished to say more, but her hand fell lifeless upon her breast. In a few moments the father and child were alone with their dead.

In the five years since little Belle had lost her hearing, her father, a thorough scholar, had devoted every leisure moment to the education of his beautiful little daughter. A bright, active mind, and an eager desire to acquire knowledge, made his task an exceedingly interesting one. From her earliest babyhood she had manifested a most affectionate and lovable disposition. During the terrible illness which had maimed her for life, she had retained the patience and sweetness of her nature.

As she lay apparently dying, her parents, with the agonizing longing for still another word by all who watch the death-bed of their loved ones, repeatedly called her back before utter insensibility could seal her

lips. At last her father, in his despair, with almost cruel persistency, gently shook her and said, "Do you love me, darling?" For the first time a sound entered the gradually closing chamber, and in a clear, earnest voice, she answered, "Yes, papa; I love every body." Her father felt that her answer had awakened the music of all spheres. After she arose from days of insensibility she was perfectly deaf.

Now the father and child were left alone, with a gradually darkening atmosphere about them. Day by day the injustice and oppression of Russia towards her Jewish subjects increased. Joseph Emanuel was being gradually stripped of the comfortable competence he and his father had acquired. He had often pondered upon the desirability, perhaps even necessity, for emigrating to a country where freedom and equal rights existed, but he was living in the home of his fathers and near the graves of his kindred. His was a patient, affectionate, unworldly nature, deeply immersed in the love of his people, and he waited with half-closed eyes for better days.

Now, however, he began to realize, when too late, the enormity of the persecution to which his people were being subjected. His property by one mode of extortion and another was gradually being taken from him. At last the day came when he was obliged to leave his home, the roof to which he had brought his beautiful bride, Miriam. His books and pictures went with the house. He took little Belle and the necessities with him and moved into a poor cottage. Here he hoped to hide in peace, and for a time his tormentors seemed to be satisfied with the spoils they had secured.

A small income still remained, and it afforded the father and daughter a supply equal to their moderate demands. Luxuries were a thing of the past, but it took little to satisfy the contented child, and Joseph Emanuel, as he sat with a book in his hand, his beloved pipe in his mouth and watched the busy, happy little girl as she went about her duties, did not too severely miss the things of the past. He sometimes felt that smoking was a selfish indulgence, and he firmly took himself to task for the small sum he expended in this way. He counted the little luxuries he could buy for Belle by saving this sum, and at last determined to deny himself this indulgence. The first time he attempted to sit down, after his evening meal, without his customary smoke, little Belle was filled with consternation. It had been her greatest pleasure almost from her babyhood to fill her father's pipe and take it to him. Her mother had taught her this, and when the father, for the first time she could remember, since a spell of illness had stopped him for a few days, refused to take his pipe, no explanation or excuse would suffice. She knew he must be sick, and that he would die like her mother. At last she burst into tears, and then her father gladly took the peace offering from her dear little hands and allowed himself to be forced into the solace more dearly prized than ever.

In the two years since the mother's death the circumstances of the family changed rapidly, but the little girl's education had gone on, and she became a neat little housekeeper. She and her father lived alone now, and she took the greatest pleasure in keeping the house quite clean and in preparing her father's meals with the greatest care. She had also learned to sew, and proudly kept the linen in order.

Another year passed in peace, and Mr. Emanuel began to think the great troubles of life were over. Many of his neighbors were suffering from religious persecutions, but for the sake of his little girl, he had attended no religious gatherings and in no way called attention to the fact that he still existed.

But like all Russian Jews, he had been standing upon the crust that covered an active volcano. Suddenly there came an officer at his door with an order that he should immediately join a party en route to—, to undergo an examination for admission into the army. He appealed to the officer in every moving term he could call to his mind; he showed his little deaf and dumb girl; he implored; he reminded the man, whom he knew to be a father, of his own children.

Words were useless and time pressing. He snatched poor little Belle frantically to his heart, and was torn away without even time to explain to the frightened child the cause of his departure. Belle picked up her hat and followed. When the officer saw her, he ordered the soldier who accompanied him to drive her back. Her father watched her and found she was begging to know where he was going. He stopped, but was forced along. "One word: dear father," she spelled.

He was handcuffed and could not answer. For an instant Belle hesitated, and then ran wildly back to her destroyed home. She looked hurriedly about, quickly found her father's pipe and tobacco, and then again followed the receding figures.

As she approached, breathless, she called "Papa." The officer made threatening gestures. Suddenly by a violent wrench the father freed himself from the hold of the two men and ran toward his child. He was instantly recaptured and brutally beaten. Belle caught the arm of one of the men and was knocked down in the struggle. She was stunned for a moment, but recovering she picked up the pipe and tobacco and followed, though this time without trying to approach her father.

She saw the officer take him to a large party of men and women already under way. They were ordered to halt, and her father was chained to a great, burly, wicked-looking convict. Even this man seemed to dislike the contact with the Jews, and kicked his helpless companion viciously. The party started and Belle followed, but always at a sufficient distance to escape notice. All the forenoon she patiently trudged along. At intervals she managed to catch a glimpse of her father. With that stimulus, hunger, thirst, weariness were unfelt.

At 12 o'clock the company had reached their first halting place.

Now, if she could only look in her dear father's face and give him his pipe. Maybe, oh, happy thought, they would allow her to walk by his side. She circled around until she could see her father's white agonized face. Nothing could keep her from him now. She flew towards him. She had nearly reached him when the officer who had arrested her father, caught her by the arm. "What, if this Jewish brat hasn't followed us. Get home again, quick or I'll—" and he again threatened her. Belle ran until she fell exhausted behind some shrubs growing by the road.

From this time she did not try to approach her father again. She seemed to have settled it in her mind that he would some time reach his destination, and then she might go to him.

After their wretched noon-day meal the party again resumed their march. Poor as the meal had been, the weary little girl following them had less. Once during the day a peasant gave her a piece of bread and the following morning a woman gave her a drink.

As the evening of the third day drew near, she could scarcely drag one foot after another. Incredible as it may seem, she had kept up with the party, and at night had lain down as she dared to.

Now she determined to try once more to see her father. She was utterly worn out, and maybe a premonition that her end was near had deprived her of fear. She had stopped by the wayside and bathed her face and took a drink of water. That day nothing had been given her and she was very weak. As she came slowly up, her white, lovely little face attracted the attention of a young officer, who had a little sister at home, about her age. He spoke to her kindly and asked her for whom she was looking.

Seeing that he had spoken to her, she raised her hand to her face and made the touching sign of the deaf-mute.

Then she looked at him eagerly and said "Papa."

"Where is your papa, my child?" Again she repeated the sign, but finding that he did not understand, yet looked at her with kindly eyes, she began to search about for her father. In a moment she found him lying flat upon the ground. What unheard of cruelty could have in these days reduced him to the wreck he now appeared to be?

With a glad cry the child ran and fell into his arms. After the first frantic embrace she sat up, and taking the pipe and tobacco from her pocket filled the bowl and placed it in her father's hand. Then, with a sigh of relief and satisfaction, she leaned her head upon her father's shoulder and fainted.

In the night little Belle died in her father's arms.—*Selected*.

"These are the grounds of the deaf-mute asylum, are they? Why do they have a railroad track running through all avenues?" "For the pleasure of the patients. Deaf people prefer the railroad track to anything else as a promenade."—*New York Press*.

FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

Said the first little chicken
With a queer little squirm,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"Oh, I wish I could find,
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A green little leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A wee gravel-stone!"

"Now, see here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
You just come and scratch."

I want you to read this little story, for it is just as near like some boys that I know, as can be, they want somebody else to do all the *scratching* while they waste their time in play. It will fit five hundred little and big boys just as well as five little chickens.

Little boys and big boys who want to run on the streets all the time, while their poor mother are scratching off the ends of their fingers at the washtub trying to earn a little money to buy bread and clothing for them, and if she wants a bucket of coal, split kindling or perhaps mind the baby a few minutes, they have not got time, they want to play ball, fly kites or shoot marbles, and leave their poor mother who is nearly worn out, to do all the work herself. Don't you think such boys should be ashamed of themselves? and sometimes they are impudent too; why they will stand right up and say, I won't do this, I won't do that! and run away when their mother tells them to do any thing. Now, boys, this is all wrong and some day you will be sorry for it, you might just as well make up your minds that if you want to succeed and get along well you will have to scratch and help yourself a little. If your mother is poor help her all you can, help her anyhow whether she is poor or not; you can save her a great many steps in a day if you will only keep a sharp lookout and try. When she bids you do any thing don't run away and say I can't, or I won't; and act ugly, but get right up and *dust*. The sooner you get your work done the more time you will have for play and every body will be so much the happier. The boy or girl, man or woman, who expects to get through this world without "scratching" for a living is badly mistaken, and will be sure to come out at the small end of the horn.—*Jamesburg Advance*.

Profitable Invention.

A minister in England made \$50,000 by inventing an odd toy that danced by winding it with a string.

The New-Jersey poor man who hit upon the idea of attacking a rubber erasing tip to the end of lead pencils is now worth \$200,000.

The man who invented the return-ball, an ordinary wooden ball with a rubber string attached to pull it back, made \$1,000,000 from it.

As large a sum as was ever obtained for any invention was enjoyed by the Yankee who invented the inverted glass-ball to hang over gasjets to prevent ceilings from being blackened by smoke.

The common needle-threader, which every one has seen for sale, and which every woman owns, was a boon to needle-users. The man who invented it has an income of \$10,000 a year from his invention.

Every one has seen the metal plates that are used to protect the heels and soles of rough shoes; but every one doesn't know that within ten years the man who hit upon that idea has made \$250,000.

The inventor of the roller-skate has made \$1,000,000, notwithstanding the fact that his patent had nearly expired before the value of it was ascertained in the craze for roller skating that spread over the country a few years ago.

The gimlet-pointed screw has produced more wealth than most silver-mines, and the Connecticut man who first thought of putting copper tips on the toes of children's shoes is as well off as if he had inherited \$1,000,000.

A Swarm Of Bees.

B Hopeful, B cheerful, B happy, B kind,
B busy, of Body, B modest of mind,
B earnest, B truthful, B firm and B fair,
Of all Miss B Havior, B sure and B ware,
B think ere you stumble for what may B fall;
B true to yourself, and B faithful to all.
B brave to B ware of the sins that B set;
B sure that no sin does altogether B set,
B watchful, B ready, B open, B frank,
B manly to all men whate'er B their rank;
B just and B generous, B honest, B wise,
B mindful of time, and B certain it flies.
B prudent, B liberal, of order B fond,
B ny less than you need B fore B uy-ing B yond.
B careful, but yet B the first to B stow;
B temperate, B steadfast—to anger B slow.
B thoughtful, B thankful, whate'er may B tide.
B helpful, B joyful, B cleanly B side.
B pleasant, B patient, B fervent to all,
B Best if you can, But B humble withal,
B prompt and B dutiful, still B polite,
B reverent, B quiet, B sure and B right;
B calm, B retiring, B ne'er led astray.
B grateful, B cautious of those who B tray.
B tender, B loving, B good and B nigh—
B loved shalt thou B, and all shall B thine.

The Blind Sculptor.

Vidal, the blind sculptor, is one of the wonders of the French capital. He has been blind since his twenty-first year. We can quite easily understand how a blind farmer would cultivate the ground with the plow, spade and hoe; how he would feel around the tender plants and gently loosen the dirt from their roots; or how the blind Birmingham (Ala.) miner tells, with the sense of touch alone, the direction and to what depth to drill his holes before putting in a blast; but the work of Vidal stands out in bold relief, unique, wonderful, and incomparable.

To be a sculptor, it is generally supposed that one must have the "mechanic's eye" and the artist's taste and perspicacity. The latter faculties Vidal has to an exceptional degree—even more acute, he believes, than if the former were not lost to him forever. By slowly passing his hands over an object he notes its external proportions, and imitates them in clay in a manner which strikes the beholder dumb with surprise. A dog, horse, human face, or any thing alive or dead, he models with as much ease as any of the dozens of Parisian sculptors who still retain the faculty of sight.

From 1855 to 1875, according to a current report, Vidal received more medals than any other exhibitor of works in the Paris Art Exhibition. Many of his works made in the solitude of his perpetual midnight, were to be seen on the shelves at the great Exposition, where the blind wonder contended in friendly rivalry with his less unfortunate brother-artists. He never complains, is always genial and festive when among his friends, who always speak of and to him as though he could see. He is one of the best art critics in all Paris.—*Sunday Afternoon*.

WHEN TULIPS BLOW.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

When tulips blow the nights are cold,
The Northern peaks are pale with snow;
Not one green bud has yet unrolled
On branch or vine, when tulips blow:
The walks with sudden splendor shine,
Dull earth sends forth a ruddy glow
And spring has proved her force divine,
Dear as of old, when tulips blow!

—*Housewife*.

A Tower of Porcelain.

In 1430 A.D., after nineteen years of ceaseless labor and an expenditure of about \$4,000,000, the Chinese government finished the wonderful Porcelain Tower at Nankin, which stood for nearly four and a quarter centuries, until 1856, the most marvelous building ever erected by human hands. It was of octagonal form, 260 feet in height, with nine stories, each having a cornice and gallery without. The name of Porcelain Tower was applied to this unique structure on account of the fact that the whole of the outside work was covered with porcelain slabs of various sizes and colors, but principally of red, white and yellow and green. At every one of its nine stories the projecting roof of the gallery was green tiles, each corner being pro-

vided with a bell varying in weight from 300 to 1,000 pounds.

There were 152 bells in all, each so nicely balanced as to rock back and forth as they were swayed by the breezes, giving out a continuous strain of beautiful but weird music. Ranged in rows between the bells were 128 brass, bronze, and silver lamps, which were lighted every night in the year. The apex of the tower, started from its base at the 250 foot level and extending upwards for a height of ten feet was a monster gilded pineapple, surmounted by a copper ball about two feet in diameter. A spiral stairway of over 300 steps led from the base to the summit. The building was constructed as a gift to an empress, and was always kept in repair by the government. Lightning struck it in 1801 and tore down the three top stories. The injury was repaired as soon as possible. It would probably be standing to this day had not the Taiping rebels imagined its lights and bells disastrous to their cause.—*Selected*.

Industrial School Advantages.

The opportunities to learn a useful trade in an institution of this character should not be underestimated by a boy. Thousands of boys in this busy world would feel blessed indeed to have such a home, with such educational advantages, and the chance of learning a trade. And yet the boy, of course, cannot appreciate the advantages as he will in maturer years. Hundreds of prosperous and prominent men trace their whole success in life back to the Industrial School, where a few years ago they acquired habits of industry and activity, both physical and mental.

But many a man who is now plodding through life, still on the bottom round of fortune's ladder, bewails the fate that prevented his enjoying like advantages.

The influences and surroundings of the institution are homelike, the facilities for learning a trade of a boy's own choosing are unparalleled; and if ill health falls to his lot, the best care and kindest attention are given him.

The years devoted to this preparation for the mighty battle with the world will pass rapidly if diligent study and hard work in a department are made the rule of the learner's life. A boy is taught to be careful in learning the details of his trade, for it success is not attained in little things it can never be hoped for in the life-work of an individual. Men who have been successful in great things have invariably worked their way up through a series of triumphs over small and seemingly insignificant things. They commence right and this is the secret of all success. If a boy would stop to think, he would not be in a hurry to give up his chances in an institution of this kind, and would want to stay until he had learned all he could.—*Lantern*.

A house is no home, unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as for the body.—*Margaret Fuller*.

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

TRENTON, MAY 26, 1892.

THE *Annals* is a quarterly publication and it is deservedly considered an ably conducted and solid periodical, but it does not follow of course that it must be dull reading. The June number, now at hand, is quite the contrary. We especially note two articles—"Language" by Miss Porter of Washington, and another of the anonymous "Letters to a Beginner." Miss Porter's article represents the conservative side, in upholding the use of lessons in which the memory chiefly is exercised, and in a protest against the inanities which to some teachers represent the methods of arithmetic teaching with which the name of Grube is associated. What Miss Porter says about the pathetic struggles of our pupils with big words is all too true. We would say on this point, "Shield your children from the baneful influence of Worcester and Webster, as from a linguistic pestilence." Our view is that for conversational use, not single words, but phrases and simple sentences should be memorized—of course in such connection as to fix their meaning clearly—and the study of single words should be reserved for a higher grade. A man of very limited culture will write a correct business letter because of the recurrence of such forms as "your esteemed favor received and contents noted," and the like; but to find a familiar word used with the full sense of its meaning we must go to the literary masters—among our contemporaries, to Ruskin, Lowell and Tennyson. While Miss Porter speaks for the conservatives, the Letters to a Beginner are written by a radical, if not an iconoclast. This time he "pitches into" the study of the grammar books, and we shall have to stand in the pillory with him, we fear. We share Jack Cade's resentment towards "men who speak of a noun and a verb, and such other words as no Christian can bear to hear," at least when they are fired at helpless children. A child wants to learn the use of language first, the terms and their use afterward. Teachers used to think that in order to reason correctly one must know all about "Barbara," "Celarent" and the rest

of the terminology of Logic. Perhaps a few hundred years further back they held that a man could not walk correctly without previously making a careful study of the anatomy of the leg. To our thinking a teacher should let his class have a grammatical term when she finds that it helps them to classify and hold knowledge that they have got by using language—not before. Mr. A. Farrar Jr. gives an outline of an interesting MS. of the 16th century in regard to the deaf-mutes, Miss Way illustrates Whipple's Alphabet, Mr. Caldwell has an entertaining chapter of School-Room Notes, and other miscellaneous papers and items make up an interesting and valuable number.

DURING the past year a beginning has been made in the use of Kindergarten methods with a class of young pupils. Perhaps we should rather say that methods have been used based on Kindergarten principles, for, of course, many of the games and exercises used in the ordinary Kindergarten require hearing and a free use of speech on the part of the pupils, and hence are not adapted to a school like ours. However, by the ingenuity of the teacher other means adapted to secure the same end through the senses which are left to our pupils, have been devised and have proved successful. The results are such as to encourage the continuing and enlarging of this department.

The children take much more interest in their work than is usual in pupils of the same age. Language has been made to appear rather as a means to be used in order to get something wished for, than as a object of study in itself. The written or printed page, when placed before them, is regarded quite as a treat. Their oral teaching has started well and has awakened their interest. Of course, when the whole time in school is given to drill in written language, more words and sentences will be mastered in the first year than under such a system as above indicated, but we incline to think that the training of hand and eye given in the "busy work," the mental alertness cultivated by the games, and more than all, the habit of application and of regarding reading and writing as a pleasant every-day exercise rather than as school-room drudgery, more than make up the difference.

We expect that the seed sown in the first year will bear fruit in the years following, and that the Kindergarten-trained pupils may pass those trained on a different system who at the close of the first year may have a decided lead.

WE have spoken in previous numbers of the SILENT WORKER of the advantage to our pupils of the "Speech Club" and the "Manual Club." The last meeting of the "Speech Club," on Friday evening, the 13th of this month, gave a very good proof of its usefulness. The teachers in charge—Misses Dey and Hawkins, had arranged for a contest in lip-reading, to occupy half an hour. A list of sentences had been prepared, such as would occur in common conversation, but which covered a wide range of subjects and which were given out without any connection or order. A bouquet of beautiful roses was offered as the prize. Rather to the surprise of the ladies in charge the sentences were read with facility and it was necessary to prolong the contest to three quarters of an hour, at the end of which time four of the members had not failed once and one more only broke down in the last round. All enjoyed the occasion, and worked as hard as if in school. The teachers, who have exerted themselves to devise means to interest the pupils and to get them to work for their own improvement, deserve great credit.

We wonder whether our friends the librarians of the different institutions, in puzzling over the booksellers' catalogues have "got on to" the stories by G. A. Henty. The subjects are historical,—that is, one book deals with Clive's conquest of India, another with the struggle of the Dutch for freedom, and so on, but in each book the hero is a boy who takes part in the fighting and adventure of all kinds and ends by rising to wealth and dignity. They are not of very high literary merit, but boys (and girls too) like them. In this school these stories, told by the manual alphabet in a condensed and simplified form, are prime favorites, and, as is always the case when a story has proved attractive in this form, there is an active demand for the book itself.

THE pupils of the Nebraska School for the Deaf, gave a pantomimic representation of the story of Ben-Hur, at Boyd's Theatre, in Omaha, on the 27th of last month. We have received the programme of the play, handsomely printed at the institution press and made up in pamphlet form. We do not particularly favor spending as much time on the sign-language as must have gone to drilling the performers in the play, but if it is to be done at all, we should think the Nebraska School has turned out a remarkably good piece of work. They are wide-awake people.

In our carpenter shop, we have found a good deal of difficulty in getting the idea of scale measurements thoroughly into the heads of the boys. To give them practice in this line, they are now engaged on a model of the laundry building. Every door, window and other detail is to be put in in its right proportions. As the building abounds in little irregularities of plan and is fairly stuck full of windows, it has the same advantage that the boy claimed for his dull saw—it gives all the more exercise.

A FEW days ago the Principal was puzzled, while making his round through the classes, at the following, which formed part of the journal of one of the girls: "Last evening E—and I danced in the play room. We danced blue, fox, bird and turn-head." On enquiry it appeared that the above curious terms are the names which our younger girls have given to new steps of their own invention in fancy dancing. We did not know we had so much budding talent. Possibly we may be growing the Carmencita of the new generation.

Hand Training.

We have found hand training in connection with our school work a most valuable adjunct in the intellectual development of the pupils, young and old, in attendance upon our classes. At first we hardly saw how time could be spared from the book and class work of the course of study for attention to practical hand work, but the time was found and has been used with the happiest results to all concerned in all the work of the school.

Probably no hand work adopted in the school has proved of greater advantage than the work of the Printing Department. The matter of type setting and distributing which forms a part of the work in this department contributes especially and noticeably to the training of the faculties of alertness and accuracy, so greatly needed in all the work of life, in school and out. So with much of the other work and knowledge connected with a news and job office such as is run in connection with the school. To possess this knowledge and to be able to do well this work, must contribute in no small degree to the development and training of the intellectual as well as the physical powers.

The same argument justifies the introduction into the day school of needlework and the knowledge of clothing fabrics, of cooking and the knowledge of the sick, of woodworking, the use of tools and the knowledge of woods.

Not only are these practical matters justified by arrangement in the course of study, experience in our work, extending over nearly ten years, absolutely proves the wisdom and desirability of introducing the practical as largely as possible in our school work.—*Ex.*

CONTRIBUTED BY PUPILS.

Matters Interesting to Them
Written for the Silent
Worker.

JOHN BRADY.

I picked some violets. I gave them the flowers to Miss Gillin.

CHESTER HENNEMEIER.

I have twenty-five cents. I will buy a picture. The boys play ball. I can throw a ball.

HERMAN PALINSKY.

I see two cows. One cow is black and one cow is red. The cow has four legs. The cow eats grass.

ELSIE CRAWFORD.

I love Bessie. Bessie is a good baby. Bessie laughs and talks. Bessie is home. I will go home to see mamma and papa and Bessie.

REBECCA.

On Tuesday, May 3d, Miss Snowden asked me if I could go out with her. I said yes I could, and I told her I should like to take Emma Beesley, and she said all right, then I asked Emma if she would like to go with me. She said yes. I asked Miss Snowden what time Emma and I should go. She said, about three o'clock. I said all right, then Emma and I got dressed. We met Miss Snowden on the piazza. We went with her. She said she wanted to go to the city, so we went to the city and she bought something for her sister Ruth and she said she would go to see Ruth on Saturday to take them to her. I hope she had a good time at Philadelphia. Miss Snowden said Emma and I would go to her home at five o'clock. I can find the way to Miss Snowden's all alone now.

CHARLOTTE TILTON.

It is very pretty to-day. We will have a celebration in the chapel on May 30th. Last Saturday the ceiling in the girls' wash-room fell down. Last Friday, Ruth Redman had a very bad tooth-ache. Lillia Isley was laughing. Last Friday I received a letter and twenty-five cents from my father. To-day the girls and boys are very happy. I want to go home in summer. Mrs. Jenkins was looking at the flowers out in the yard. Some of the girls are very cruel; they catch the poor little flies. Yesterday Lucy Blackwell did not go to Sunday School. She had a very bad tooth-ache. I am sorry for her. Yesterday Eva Hunter, Carrie Aspinwall, Lillia Walker, and Mary McGuire were playing in the closet. Mrs. Ervin is a very good teacher.

TOMMY A. TAGGART.

On Thursday, May 12th, at two o'clock, the pupils went in the chapel to see Miss Ella Eckel's brother who lives in Colorado. He told us about Denver, at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and about Indians. On the top of the mountains there is snow during June, July and August, and down the mountains it is warm. There are flowers and mountain lions and tigers, and they scream so they frighten the people; and there are Indians. The Indians are strong. The people have no school; when the children get large they will not

be very smart, because there are no schools. There are Indians working in the mines and they have a round ring in their noses. When the man teaches them they hide behind the chairs and they will not try to learn. The Chinese have long hair. The Indians don't care for God, and the man has to teach them so God will not punish them. The Indians sharpen their knives to kill people who go in their tents. They sleep on the ground. They have long black hair. Mr. Eckel said: "Have you ever seen a mule and a little brown donkey?" and I said: "Yes sir, I have seen them." The pupils put up their hands to say they have seen a donkey and they liked to see what Mr. Eckel said. They thanked him very much and he said that he talks about God; he tells the people that God wants them to be good and very kind and when you die, you will go in heaven and live with Him in heaven if you are good, but you will not go in heaven if you are bad. So you must try to be good and I think He will like you.

CARRIE ASPINWALL.

Last Tuesday Mr. Douglas came to Trenton and he was very glad to see the pupils. He took some pictures of the teachers and pupils and many other pictures. Last Friday Mr. Jenkins received many pictures from Mr. Douglas and some of the pictures are not very pretty and Mr. Douglas will tear some of them up because some of the teachers and Mr. Burd are not in the picture. Mr. Jenkins thinks it is best to have all of them. Mr. Douglas will take some of the pictures again. Some of the pupils want to buy some of the pictures. Mr. Douglas will receive much money. He will sell one picture to the pupils for twenty-five cents. The pupils will give him money for the pictures. They are glad to receive some pictures to show to their family. Mr. Douglas is now making many pictures.

ESSIE HOVEY SPANTON.

Sunday afternoon Mr. Stephenson engaged a very nice horse and a two-seated carriage and came up here and took Mrs. Jones, Katie Lumm and me out driving. The roads where we drove were very good. We stopped at a farm house to give the horse a drink. He was very thirsty. We were chatting with the farmer. We met Miss Flynn's niece on the road with a gentleman. We picked some flowers and stopped at the drug-store to have a drink of soda. I drove all the way down and back which I enjoyed immensely. The horse was very gentle and went nicely. It was a fine-looking black horse. Mr. Stephenson showed us the brick-yard where he used to work and the house where he boarded, he stopped there to see a man who was sick. He is well acquainted with some people there. We came home at six o'clock, just before the storm. We had an enjoyable drive and thanked him for his kindness. The drive was about twenty miles altogether.

A discontented man is like a snake who would swallow an elephant.—*Chinese Maxim.*

TEACHERS' MEETING.

The April meeting was held at 2:45 p.m., on Thursday, the 28th of this month. The following questions were proposed for discussion:

1 How can our pupils best be instructed in religion?

2 How can beginners best be taught addition and subtraction?

3 Is there any way to make the study-hour more advantageous to the pupils and more pleasant to the teachers?

On the first question, Mr. Lloyd spoke in favor of introducing such books as "Foster's Story of the Bible" or "Peet's Scripture Lessons," and of having a lesson from those books for Sunday study. Mrs. Ervin said that she thought the children's time was well filled on Sunday. They have a lecture by the Superintendent in the morning and another in the evening, the Catholic children attend service in the morning and the Protestant children go to Sunday School in their respective churches in the afternoon, and in all these churches they find teachers who take pains to give them instruction according to the doctrines of the church which the parents in each case choose, so that there seems to be less need of Sunday instruction in the school. Mr. Jenkins said that this school stands, in this respect, on the same footing as the common schools of the State, and so any religious instruction of a sectarian character is prohibited by law. The books named by Mr. Lloyd are excellent for their purpose, but they would probably be sectarian within the meaning of the law. We have no right to give a child any religious instruction which will conflict with the creed of his parents, whether that be Protestant, Catholic, Jewish or Buddhist. Are we then shut out from teaching any thing from the Bible? I think not. As properly used in a school like this, the Bible is not religion; it is history, it is literature. A person in our community who does not know what we mean when we speak of the patience of Job, or who does not understand an allusion to Samson's pulling down the temple at Gaza lacks a part of the information which every body is supposed to have. The story of the good Samaritan, David's lament over Absalom, Joseph's revealing himself to his brethren are ethical gems, for which we can not find substitutes within our pupils' comprehension. But there is nothing in these stories, told merely as such, to offend the views of any one of whatever religion—unless he be a Thug.

As to the teaching of Addition and Subtraction, Miss Gillin advocated the use of objects in all cases, and of different kinds of objects, crayons, buttons, beans, blocks and any thing else that is convenient. She teaches the use of the signs for plus and minus, and the words "and" and "are" with the fingers from the start.

Mrs. Miller said that addition and multiplication and subtraction, in fact, all four "ground rules" are easily taught together if objects are kept before the children's eyes, and if they are kept to small numbers. Mrs. Ervin asked whether it was advisable to make the arithmetic lesson also a language-lesson. Mr. Jenkins

asked for a general expression of opinion on this point. Miss Bunting favored the use of familiar language in stating the question, but would not take the time to introduce new phrases. Mrs. Ervin said that she thought the children became confused between the difficulties of the language and those of the arithmetic. Miss Gillin agreed and said that she had found the same difficulty in teaching hearing children. Mr. Jenkins differed with the last two teachers. The principle is right, "Teach one thing at a time," but in applying it we should remember that the arithmetical idea and the language in which it is presented are two parts of one thing. Let the pupils understand the problem before they try to solve it and let them gain their understanding of it through language.

He would again insist, as always when speaking of arithmetic teaching, on sticking to small numbers and mastering them and their combinations thoroughly before going on to hundreds and thousands. Miss Dey said that she found need of very much drill on the combinations of small numbers forming a moderately large one, e. g., the 2's in 16.

In regard to the study-hour, there was general agreement that the pupils do not study, generally, with much energy, that they, at times, are lacking in proper respect to the teacher on duty, and that they regard the evening hour as outside of the regular school day and so have less conscience about it than about the classroom work. Miss Bunting suggested that the large pupils study in separate rooms, and that two teachers be on duty.

Mr. Lloyd thought that if a definite punishment were fixed for failure to prepare lessons, and all delinquents were reported for punishment, improvement might be secured. Mr. Jenkins said that he approved and would adopt this suggestion, and that the punishment would take the form of deprivation of play the day following. He advised against the giving of lessons to be merely memorized and favored such as require independent work. Unfortunately, such lessons require the use of a table, desk or seat furnished with an arm-rest, which only few of our pupils can have as at present provided. Miss Dey thought a full hour rather a long time for children to keep their attention on the stretch, and considered it important to teach them to study hard, if only for a short time.

The meeting then adjourned.

They All Are.

EMINENT ADVOCATE! Where were you when the shot was fired?

WITNESS (deaf): Har?

ADVOCATE (roaring): Where were you when the first shot was fired?

WITNESS (still deaf): Har?

ADVOCATE (screaming): Where were you —

JUDGE (to advocate): Never mind, Mr. Sharp. Of course the witness was walking on the railroad track.

The surest proof of being endowed with noble qualities, is to be free from envy.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

LOCAL ITEMS.

As Picked up By the "Silent Worker" Reporter.

Many of the pupils went to see the Barnum-Bailey circus, which came to town on the 6th.

Mr. Douglas has been down from Livingston, N. J., photographing everybody and everything worth taking. The proofs show that he has done very good work.

On the 17th of May, Mr. P. Gaffney completed the tenth year of his service in connection with the school. We can not say too much in praise of him as instructor of carpentry and as a valuable man about the house. We hope he will succeed in passing another ten years' service.

The teachers and pupils of the Arkansas Institute have laid out a lawn tennis court and have splendid times, in spite of the troublesome gnat. We have a court here in our yard which is the equal of any in the country. But we have no net at present, the one we had last year being all worn out.

On Circus day the building looked as deserted as in vacation. Mr. R. B. Lawrence, late of the Deaf-Mute School in New Orleans, but now of Toms River, N. J., made us a call on the same day and of his old acquaintances, found only Mrs. Jenkins at home. The Lawrence family contained four deaf-mute, all of whom were educated at the New York School in 162d St. Three are now living, Robert, Maggie and Townsend. They have a fine farm at Toms River.

On the 11th of this month, Miss Ella Eckel received a surprise visit from her brother whom she has not seen for fourteen years. He lives in Colorado and has been studying hard for the ministry in Ohio. Mr. Eckel is a very pleasant gentleman and while here told amusing stories about life in Colorado. After conferring with Miss Eckel's uncle, who lives in this State, and obtaining the consent of the Principal, he took Miss Ella with him to Denver, Col., on Wednesday, the 25th inst.

Arbor Day, April 22d, was appropriately celebrated in this school. The pupils and teachers assembled in the chapel and carried out a programme of exercises prepared for the day, which we have printed. It was planned to walk to Greenwood Cemetery and plant shrubs at the graves of the two girls, Mary McGee and Christine Johnson, who died since the opening of the present term, but the rain prevented this. The shrubs were planted the next day, and a beautiful climbing rose was also planted by the south piazza of our main building.

We don't plant any more trees, because we have more of them than we want now.

Speaking silence is better than senseless speech.—*Dutch Proverb.*

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club will hold a picnic at Upper Creve Coeur Lake, on June 16th.

The *Silent World* announces the glad news that Mr. Van Allen, who has been seriously ill, has passed the crisis, and is expected to fully recover.

The *Silent Press* announces its intention of moving its plant to Chicago. We presume the sanctum of Editor Holycross will be deluged with deaf visitors during the World's Fair, if it does.

The editor of the *Arkansas Optic* claims to have started the first regularly illustrated magazine for the deaf ever printed. It has proven a very expensive enterprise, and one that does not seem to be a financial success.

We have been favored with a copy of "The Fanwood Quad Club Journal" published at the printing office of the New York Institution in February last. It speaks well for the quality of work which this well-known office is capable of turning out.

Dr. Greenberger's School had a narrow escape from being destroyed by fire on the morning of May 14th. The fire was discovered by Supervisor Nuboer and the engineer, who extinguished it with a few buckets of water. It is not known how the fire originated.

We sometimes notice articles which appeared in the *SILENT WORKER* credited to *The Silent World*. Of course this is an oversight, but this is not the first time. The names look very much alike, but the headings are so different that you could distinguish one from another as easily as you could black from white.

The Rochester Institution has received a very nice donation of \$250 from a friend to carry on the good work. The authorities have decided to use this sum to illustrate their little daily paper *Our Little People*. One of the illustrations contains a very fine photo-engraving which reflects great credit on those who did the mechanical part of the work.

This is what the Legislature granted to the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb for the year 1892:

Maintenance.....	\$43,971
Re-arrangement steam pipes.....	2,800
Sewage disposal and water supply.....	2,000
New bakery and dormitory.....	4,000
Furniture and furnishings.....	18,000
To complete printing plant.....	8,000
Garden and grounds.....	530
Library for pupils.....	400
Flooring, paints, oils, etc.....	1,260

The first number of *The Washingtonian* has reached us. It is the work of the pupils of the Vancouver School for Defective Youth, under the direction of a competent instructor, and for neatness and quality of

work it ranks among the best of our Institution papers. It contains eight pages printed on fine paper with blue ink, and published semi-monthly.

ABOUT THE DEAF.

Interesting Items Gleaned from Exchanges.

The deaf-mutes of Chicago have organized a "Press Club."

The New York Institution Athletic Club is to have a new oval.

Waco, Tex., has a deaf-mute barber by the name of Tom Williams.

F. McGray, a well educated deaf-mute, keeps a well stocked grocery store down in Searcy, Ark.

It is said that there are some 20,000 deaf persons residing in England, the city of London alone having 2,000 deaf persons.

Five different Conventions will be held in different parts of the country during the summer to consider matters benefiting the Defective classes.

Mr. Sprague, the deaf and blind inmate of the Gallaudet Home, Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., has carved a wooden shoe with the figure of a cat apparently fast asleep in it.

The deaf press says that there is a deaf-mute by the name of George W. Patton, residing in Illinois, who is studying for the ministry, he being a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is understood that he is to preach to the mutes as often as he can in Terra Haute, Ind.

Words to the Deaf.

An old lady who had lost nearly all sense of hearing, and was also blind, once said to me, "I wish you would write and tell people how to talk to the deaf, for I can always hear you." It is easy enough to speak slowly, articulate distinctly, and in a line with the defective ear, but not too near it. It seems to be a general idea, but it is a mistaken one, that the louder the voice the more easily it is heard by the deaf. Slow, distinct articulation is of far more importance. If these simple, natural facts were more generally borne in mind, it would do much to alleviate the trials of the deaf.—*Katherine Armstrong, in Chautauquan.*

Startling.

There can be nothing amusing in the misfortunes of others, but deafness does occasionally give rise to a ludicrous mistake over which even the person who has perpetrated the blunder must smile.

A gentleman who is somewhat deaf is the owner of a dog which has become the terror of the neighborhood. The other day he was accosted by a friend, who said, "Good morning, Mr. S——! Your wife made us a very pleasant call last evening."

"I'm very sorry," came the startling reply, "I'll see that it doesn't occur again, for I intend to keep her chained up after this."—*Ex.*

A Good Business for the Deaf and Dumb.

Some little while ago Miss Mary Day, one of the oldest established of the lady type-writers, started the experiment of taking deaf and dumb persons as pupils. The novel idea has turned out very successful, as according to Miss Day, deaf and dumb people make excellent type-writers; and a large part of type-writing being transcribed from manuscript, their affliction is no disadvantage—rather the contrary as no time is consumed in needless gossip. Dumb girls, according to all accounts, make excellent dressmakers; so that the field of employment for these persons is rapidly becoming widened.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

An Incident at the Deaf-Mute School.

A boy who recently got a place as district messenger was given a dispatch for one of the teachers at the Deaf and Dumb Institute, and he went out to the grounds. There he met one of the inmates, to whom he showed the dispatch, and the mute made signs with his hands. The boy, who was not used to such motions, returned to the office, and told the manager that he went out there and they would not tell him any thing. The other messengers had a good laugh on the new hand, and he had to go out again, this time better instructed.—*Trenton Advertiser.*

Talk on Their Fingers.

The other day while rambling through several hundred of papers that find their way into our sanctum, we ran across the item appended hereto—which, though containing nothing strange to deaf-mutes, is peculiar in itself: "Twenty years ago John B. Stetson, of Ottawa, Kansas, fell out with his wife about correcting a child, and vowed he would never speak to her again. She in turn vowed never to speak first. They are both superstitious about the effect of breaking their vows, and years ago learned to talk on their fingers and make signs freely to each other. To their seven children they talk as much as ever. This has been going on now for twenty out of forty years of their married life."—*D. M. Journal.*

Number and Location of Institutions for Deaf in Canada.

From the Canadian Mute.

Catholic Male Deaf and Dumb Institution, Belleville; established in 1848; 105 pupils.

Catholic Female Institution for Deaf-Mutes; established in 1851; 160 pupils.

Halifax Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Halifax, N. S.; 1857; 61 pupils.

Ontario Institution for the Deaf; 1870; 252 pupils.

Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf-Mutes; 1870; 49 pupils.

Fredericton Institution for the Deaf; 1872; 25 pupils.

Manitoba Institution for the Deaf; 1888; 34 pupils.

He who does not advance, goes backward.

WINTER'S OVER.

Don't you hear the grasses growing?
Jonquils bursting, roses blowing;
Breezes laughing, brooklets flowing;
Dandelions, "how-de-do?"
Lily censer-cups are swinging,
Tiny bluebells low are ringing;
All the happy earth is singing,
Robed in vestments new.

Sunbeams write the pleasant story,
Every line a gilded glory!
Welcome bud and welcome blossom,
Breeze and melody.
On the margin of the river
Reeds and rushes nod and shiver;
Shining moonbeams glide and quiver
In an ecstasy.

Daffodils and daisies peeping
Through the grasses slyly creeping;
Fill the woodland and the meadow
With their faint perfume.
Jubilate! Winter's over!
Now for fields of scented clover,
While the butterfly, gay rover,
Flits from bud to bloom.

—Claudia Tharin.

How "Yankee Doodle" Began.

Every patriotic American loves the tune of "Yankee Doodle," but no one seems to know just how or when it first began to be used. It is ever so much older than the Declaration of Independence, and is said to have been originally written in Greek—"Yankhe Doule," meaning "Rejoice, O Slave!" or let the Slave rejoice." The Greek words certainly sound, pronounced English fashion, enough like "Yankee Doodle" to make this belief a reasonable one.

All sorts of queer verses have been sung to the jumping, frolicsome tune, and in the time of King Charles I. a number of doggerel verses which ridiculed Cromwell were sung to it. The opening verse,

"Nankee Doole came to town
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him macaroni,"

is almost the same as one of those still sung to the national air.

Besides this, an old English nursery rhyme also claims the tune, and this was a great favorite was the little ones. There was something altogether delightful in the rapid jingle:

"Lucy Lockett lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding round it."

Pockets in those days were bags put on the outside of the dress, or this accident could not have happened. Let us hope that Miss Lockett was more careful after this experience, and that she finally had "a bit of money in it" too. The tune used to be called "Kitty Fisher's Jig," and this Kitty was a real person and a famous beauty in the reign of Charles II.

It is a much-disputed tune, and has been claimed for France and Spain, while in Holland it is said that when the laborers were paid for their work "as much buttermilk as they could drink and a tenth of the grain," they sang, to the air of "Yankee Doodle,"

"Yankee dudle, doodle down,
Diddle, dudle, lanther,
Yankee biver, boover, bown,
Botermilk und tanther."

It came to America through England, and was given as a national air by a British surgeon in the French and Indian war. This was more than twenty years before the Revolution, and compared with the uniformed and well-drilled regular troops the colonial regiments presented so

ridiculous an appearance that "Yankee Doodle" seemed just the thing for them. They did not mind the ridicule, and laughed at the tune themselves; but they liked it from the first, and when it became twisted up with the Stars and Stripes nothing could have induced them to part with it. "It is the blood of their political life, and you might as well attempt to rob them of Bunker Hill, or of the memory of Washington, or of the Stars and Stripes themselves, as of this dear old clinking, slattering, right-about-face, defiant battle-march."

The Origin of the Sign Language.

In observing the maxim that nothing can be thoroughly understood unless its beginning is known, it becomes necessary to examine into the origin of sign language through its connection with that of oral speech.

It will be admitted on reflection that all oral languages were at some past time far less serviceable to those using them than they are now and as each particular language has been thoroughly studied it has become evident that it grew out of some other and less advanced form. * *

Oral language consists of variations and mutations of vocal sounds produced as signs which should be available as the vehicle of the producer's own thoughts. They must be also efficient for the communication of such thoughts to others. It has been, until of late years, generally held that thought was not possible without oral language, and that, as man was supposed to have possessed from the first the power of thought, he also from the first possessed and used oral language substantially as at present. That the latter, as a special faculty, formed the main distinction between man and all the brutes has been and still is the prevailing doctrine. * *

It is conceded by some writers that mental images or representations can be found without any connection with sound, and may at least serve for thought, though not for expression. It is certain that concepts, however formed, can be expressed by other means than sound. One mode of this expression is by gesture, and there is less reason to believe that gestures commenced as the interpretation of or substitute for words than that the latter originated in, and served to translate gestures. Many arguments have been advanced to prove that gesture language preceded articulate speech and formed the earliest attempt at communication, resulting from the interacting subjective and objective conditions to which primitive man was exposed.—Col. Garrick Mallory.

Deaf and Dumb Actors.

The Friendly Association of the Deaf and Dumb, which gave the other day its first banquet at Voisin's restaurant, and pantomime later in the evening, is going to form a theatrical company from which persons who hear will be excluded. The eyes alone will be spoken to, and mimicry will be for the language. I was present the other night at their performances and never saw anything more expressive. They gave selections from

well-known French tragedies and comedies, and then a board farce. One of the selections was from *Edipus King* which was this evening played at the Francais and another was from *Le Roi S'amuse*. As they warmed to the work, they became more expressive, and their graphic power was often wonderful. The whole body of each seemed to think and speak, and in a truly natural manner. There was no trace of affectation or stage posturing. I never saw a more flexible style of acting or faces so mobile in conveying shades of feeling or varying emotions. There were passages in the acts they played in which they were allowed to speak with their fingers. This was the better to enable them to render subtle shades of thought expressed in versified dialogue, and to time their effects. The eyes and other features shaped themselves according to the ideas uttered by the fingers, and with more delicacy than if mere gesticulation had been employed. This performance took place on the anniversary of the Abbe de l'Epee's birthday, an event which happened early in the eighteenth century. He was the inventor of the manual alphabet. As he was buried in the Church of St. Roch, the Friendly Association began their day at a commemorative mass there.—*New York Tribune*.

TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

It seems to us that the most enthusiastic advocates of technical schools should be the journeymen printers; and the better the workman the more should he prize them. There is not, we are sure, a printer in Chicago who can justly claim to have mastered the whole of the art; and in the very branches in which one is most deficient he may find in some fellow-workman one who would be a willing and capable teacher, while he might, in turn, impart instruction in some other branch. How many book printers, for instance, can, without instructions, properly set up a work on chemistry, botany or geometry? Or, simpler still, how many of the ordinary compositors can set up properly and without loss of time a piece of rule and-figure work? These are only sample instances of what even good printers might learn.

In many city offices men are found who excel at particular kinds of work, and on this age are kept continuously employed upon it, so that they have no opportunity to learn anything of what their fellow-workmen are doing. To these men technical schools would be of great value, need, and should have the benefit of technical schools; and the sooner we get them started the better.—*Sel.*

The New School for Teaching Speech to the Deaf on Its feet.

Col. Joseph M. Bennett has added another to his benevolent acts by the donation of a plot of ground at Belmont and Monument avenues for the erection of the home for the training in speech of deaf children under school age. The last Legislature, recognizing the necessity for the home, appropriated \$15,000 for the buildings. This amount was entirely inadequate for the purpose, and the three commissioners, Governor Patti-

son, S. Edwin Megargee and Miss Mary S. Garrett, decided to appeal to the charitably disposed for aid.

Miss Garrett, who is related to Colonel Bennett, pointed out to him the deserving character of the movement, and the latter became very much interested. He offered to place at their disposal the old quarters of the M. E. Orphanage, on Monument road, a few hundred yards distant from the site subsequently donated for the new buildings. The offer was gratefully accepted and the pupils, ranging in age from 2½ to 6 years, were removed from the Pennsylvania Oral School for the Deaf, at Scranton, and installed in the temporary quarters.

Several weeks ago the colonel gladdened the hearts of the commissioners by the offer of the donation of the plot of ground bordering on Monument and Belmont avenues, with a frontage of 250 feet on the latter thoroughfare.

Governor Pattison, under date of May 7, wrote Colonel Bennett to thank him in his own name and on behalf of the State. S. Edwin Megargee, who is looking after the drawing of the lease, has not completed his task as yet, because of the donor's uncertainty as to how much land would be required for a suitable home. He is half inclined to add an additional strip of property upon which some magnificent shade trees stand. Should he finally decide to include that portion, the gift will be worth, in round figures, about \$50,000. Work will now be begun on a modest building for the school.

The present school is supported by voluntary contributions and will be so for some time to come. Subscriptions are being received gradually, including a fourth of the proceeds of the Charity Ball, amounting to 2, 100.

SEMI-MUTE.

BY A. G. D.

They are like one who shuts his eyes to dream
Of some bright vista in his fading past,
And suddenly, the face that he had lost
In long forgetfulness, before him seem
Th' uplifted brow, the love-lit eye whose beam
Could o'er his soul a radiance cast,
Numberless charms that years ago have asked
The homage of his fresh young life's esteem.
For sometimes, from the silence that they bear,
Well up the tones that once were precious joys
A strain of music floats to the dead ear,
Or low, melodious murmur of a voice—
Till all the chords of harmony vibrant are
With consciousness of deeply slumbering powers.

The above little poem is the work of a well known semi-mute gentleman, and is such a comprehensive description of the common experience of those who become deaf after tasting the joys of an untrammelled hearing, that I am moved to request its publication, as an extract from the *Silent Press*. His experience, like that of many others of us, serves to verify the adage that there is no ill-fortune visited upon us which does not bear in its train some measure of compensation, and which we recognize and make the most of when the sense of loss is dulled, and philosophy succeeds to longing and regret.—J. C. B. in *Canadian Mute*.

A Silent Joke.

"Tickets!" called the conductor, as he slammed the door behind him and whirled his punch around his little finger.

It was on a Western railroad and he was about to go through the last car.

"Tickets!" he repeated, as he planted himself beside the first seat. It was occupied by a young man who had a conscious look of obliviousness. The conductor made a gesture of impatience, but the man did not move. He touched him on the arm. The man looked up and made a sign with his hands, sinking back again into his former restful position. The conductor was sure he had struck a beat.

"Come, come, your ticket," said he impatiently; but the young man's attention seemed very much elsewhere. A pinch on the arm, however, brought him to life, but the signs he made showed he was deaf and dumb. The official showed a ticket and waved his punch, whereupon the mute pointed to the rear of the car, and settled back again. The conductor passed to the next seat and held out his hand for a ticket. There was no response, and in a short space of time the man who occupied the seat went through the same performance as the fellow on the front seat, ending by pointing to the rear of the car. The conductor's suspicions were still further aroused, but he passed on.

"Tickets, please," he said again. There was no response. On being aroused the man also pointed to the back of the car, saying never a word. The thing was getting serious. Here was an undoubted and barefaced conspiracy to beat the road, and the conductor looked threatening. He tried a fourth; a fifth; a sixth; all were mute.

"Here, Tom," he called to the brakeman, who just then entered, "shove every one of them fellows out at the next stop."

The brakeman stood obediently by, but the passengers evinced no interest in the order. The conductor went the length of the car, and found that each person was in the game.

He was wild.

"Every one of you goes out!" he said, completely losing his temper, and, turning to look out of the rear window ran into a man coming out of the closet. The man saw that something was wrong, and asked about it.

"I'm going to dump this whole car-load into the ditch!" said the irate official with drawn lips, "I never saw such a cool game in my life."

"Why, this is a chartered car, sir," said the man. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Professor Sound, of the Noiseless Deaf and Dumb Asylum, of Silenceville. Here are the papers, sir."

The conductor never said a word. He dragged his wilted shape out of the car, and nearly fell off the platform as he went. Then the smiling professor explained the joke to his pupils and there was a noisy laugh that almost woke the sleepers below. —*Cincinnati Herald*.

Feeding an Ocean Gray Hound.

On the "City of Paris" there are sixty firemen who feed the fiery maws of forty-five furnaces that create steam in nine boilers. Fifty coal-passers shovel fuel from the bunkers to the furnace-door, and the firemen toss it in. There is something more than mere shoveling in firing. The stoker must know how to put the coals on so that they will not burn too quick nor deaden the fire. He must know how to stir or poke the fire so as to get all or nearly all the heat out of the coal. Service in the fire-room is divided into six watches of four hours each. The firemen work and sleep every alternate four hours. After the first day from port, two out of every six furnaces are raked out to the bare bars during the first hour of each watch. Thus, in a voyage, all the furnaces are cleaned once in twenty-four hours. The steam goes down a bit in the hour, while the cleaning is going on. The stokers shovel into the furnaces fifteen tons of coal every hour, or 360 tons in a day. The ship usually takes in 3,600 tons at Liverpool or New-York, and has between 500 and 800 tons left when she arrives at the other side. The engineers' department is entirely distinct and separate from the firemen's. On the "City of Paris" there are twenty-six engineers, including hydraulic and electrician. They are educated in single shops on shore, and a certain number of them go on ships every year. They are all machinists. So, whenever the machinery breaks down, they know how to repair the damage. In the case chief engineer should be disabled, any assistant could take his place.

Curiosities About Gold.

Gold is so very tenacious that a piece of it drawn into wire one-twentieth of an inch in diameter will sustain a weight of 500 pounds without breaking. Its malleability is so great that a single grain may be divided into 2,000,000 parts and a cubic inch into 9,523,809,523 parts, of which may be distinctly seen by the naked eye.

A grain and a half of gold may be beaten into leaves of one inch square which if intersected by parallel lines drawn at right angles to each other and distant only the one-hundredth parts of an inch, will produce 25,000,000 little squares, each of which may be distinctly seen without the use of a glass.

The surface of any given quantity of gold according to the best authorities, may be extended by the hammer 310,184 times. The thickness of the metal thus extended appears to be no more than the 568,020th of an inch. Eight ounces of this wonderful metal would gild a silver wire of sufficient length to extend entirely around the globe.—*Ex.*

That hermitage by his study has made him somewhat uncouth in the world, but practice him a little in men, and brush him over with good company, and he shall outbalance those glisters, as far as a solid substance does a feather, or gold, or gold lace.—*John Earle*.

YOUTHFUL FUNMAKERS.

A CERTAIN amount of crying is believed to be necessary, or at any rate beneficial, to small children, and they act, generally, as if they were not disposed to lose any of the benefit of this exercise.

Little Tommy sat on the floor one day, weeping long and bitterly. All at once he stopped. "Mamma," said he, tremblingly, wh-what was I crying about?"

His mother smiled. "Because I wouldn't let you take the bronze horse off the mantel to play with, I believe," she said.

"Boo-hoo-Loo-hoo!" Tommy began to cry again harder than than ever, but presently he gasped: "No—'twan't that. I remember—it was 'cause you wouldn't—let me go out—in the cold—but I'm goin' to—to cry about the horse now—boo-hoo-hoo!"

INQUISITIVE people in the country sometimes find small satisfaction in catechizing little country boys about their names and affairs. A summer boarder once said to a small boy dressed in a broad straw hat, gingham waist, long trousers and bare feet:

"Hello, little boy! What is your name?"

"Same as pa's," said the boy.

"What's your pa's name?"

"Same as mine."

"I mean what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?"

"They don't navver call me to breakfast."

"Why don't they?"

"'Cause I alluz git there the fust one!"

LITTLE Charles came into his father's store tired and perspiring.

"Why, Charles," said his father, "what is the matter with you?"

"What have you been doing?"

"O, papa, I've been a-crowin'!"

"Crowing?"

"Why, yes! Don't you know? With the crow-bar!"

"We're old cronies, ain't we?" said Uncle Willie to his namesake.

The little fellow was greatly pleased and repeated softly, "Old ponies!"

And an hour or two later he cried, heartily, "We're old horses, ain't we, Uncle Willie?"

AUNTY (to little visitor)—Do you drink tea, pet?"

Wee Niece—"No'm. Mamma won't let me."

Aunty—"What do you drink?"

Wee Niece—"Oh, mamma mixed me up a mess that looks like tea."

LITTLE ROY—"Now that you've got sister a paino, I think you might buy me a pony."

Papa, "Why?"

Little Boy—"So I can get away from the piano."

LITTLE Bertha began to learn to read, but her patience giving out she said, "I think mamma, I'll skip reading and take g'ography."

He that cannot think, is a fool.

He that will not, is a bigot.

He that dare not, is a slave.

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THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR Deaf-Mutes, established by act approved March 31st, 1882, offers its advantages on the following conditions: The candidate must be a resident of the State, not less than eight nor more than twenty-one years of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical health and intellectual capacity to profit by the instruction afforded. The person making application for the admission of a child as a pupil is required to fill out a blank form, furnished for the purpose, giving necessary information in regard to the case. The application must be accompanied by a certificate from a county judge or county clerk of the county, or the chosen freeholder or township clerk of the township, or the mayor of the city, where the applicant resides, also by a certificate from two freeholders of the county. These certificates are printed on the same sheet with the forms of application, and are accompanied by full directions for filling them out. Blank forms of application, and any desired information in regard to the school, may be obtained by writing to the following address:

Weston Jenkins, A. M.,
Trenton, N. J. Superintendent.